

kid me, and with my long hair and beard and heft and absentmindedness, I bet I do sometimes strike him as awfully strange. He works out with the crates as if they were barbells. It's just the sort of thing I would have done myself at his age.

The Dolphin is a square drab building at the corner of Dolphin and Ocean, with a collection of beer signs in the window, and a collection of beer cans on a shelf above the counter.

I prefer it to Harrods, Les Galleries Lafayette, and Fortnum-Mason.

Of course, those other joints don't cash my checks.

RECIPROCAL SOLIDARITY

i go to the bank because
my wife is paying our babysitter
a few weeks' pay in advance
so that she'll have extra spending money
on her trip to mexico.
she says her husband will give her less
if he knows she has her own.
"we women stick together,"
my wife boasts.

shouldn't i then tip him off?
after all, he seems like a nice enough guy
and has even been known to drink in
the same bar i do.
no, i won't say anything,
it's not that big a deal
and anyway i have an aversion to squealing
that goes back to the jesuits,
who tried so hard to turn us into stoolpigeons
that they created a generation
as tightlipped as hardened criminals.

i also, however, have an aversion
to not writing anything
that i can see could work itself out
on the page.

who does or doesn't read my pages
is out of my control.